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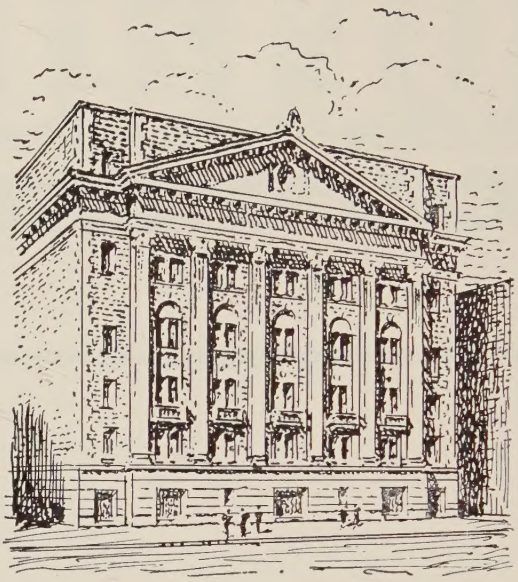
The Liberalist

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

In Memoriam

Grace Thayer Bradley

May 27, 1950



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist

PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

Volume XXVII | *July, 1950* | *Number 4*

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of The People's Church
Sunday, June 4th, 1950

(Dr. Bradley was absent from his pulpit on Sunday, May 28th, because of the death of Mrs. Bradley.)

WHEN I first planned this service around our love and appreciation of the outdoors, and observing and recognizing the great healing quality of nature and every living thing, I was talking it over with Mrs. Bradley. I said to her, I would like to read for the reading on our Outdoor Sunday, something which you wrote, for I remembered so well the beautiful article she wrote on "An Old Fashioned Garden." It was published in The Liberalist and it was also printed and very attractively so, with a beautiful picture of an old fashioned garden in the center of the reading. It hung on the wall in our room and we often read it together. And I said to her, I am going to read it for our Outdoor Sunday. Even when it was impossible for her to be here in church she never failed to listen and she said to me, "I'll be listening." And she is. Here it is. It is beautiful.

"OLD FASHIONED GARDEN"

I

How like a garden life may be if we make it so.

Let it be an old-fashioned garden, with a variety of sweet, old-fashioned flowers.

For after all, folks haven't changed much, when it comes to love and happiness.

II

There must be blossoms of gladness, bright ones of cheer, some yellow to hold golden hopes; lovely pink ones where fair dreams are nestled.

III

Some flowers for friendships and memories dear.

Some with a bit of spice; some where a tear may be hidden like a drop of dew (just a very little of that will do in time of need.)

IV

A garden must have a path leading out into fair fields, and a garden wall for protection, if the path should perchance lead one through a darkened space.

V

Let there be a place in the garden where one may go for quiet thought

and happy dreams.

Let there be a border all around of sympathetic understanding, and there love will be sure to grow into the faithful everlasting that the frosts of winter will not harm.

VI

It's not the vow that's spoken, nor the sunny sky above;
But the hearts where life will always sing the melody of love.

Mrs. Preston Bradley

I am sure that all of you will appreciate those words who love gardens, and who are making gardens, whether it is the love you give to a whole garden, or to just one little flower that you put somewhere in perhaps a dimly lighted room—still it is a garden.

For our second reading, in keeping with our theme I read from the book of Isaiah:

Behold, it shall come to pass in that day,
That a man shall be as a hiding-place from the wind,
And a covert from the tempest,
As streams of water in a dry place,
As the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.

The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad;
And the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose,
It shall blossom abundantly
And rejoice even with joy and singing;
The glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it.
The excellency of Carmel and Sharon:
They shall see the glory of the Lord,
And the excellency of our God.

Strengthen ye the weak hands,
And confirm the feeble knees,
Say to them that are of a fearful heart,
Be strong, fear not!
Behold your God will come with recompense;
He will come and save you.
Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened,
And the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped.
Then shall the lame man leap as an hart,
And the tongue of the dumb shall sing;
For in the wilderness shall waters break out,
And streams in the desert.
And the parched ground shall become a pool,
And the thirsty land springs of water;
And a highway shall be there, and a way,
And it shall be called the way of holiness;
And everlasting joy shall be upon their heads;
They shall obtain joy and gladness,
And sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

* * *

I wanted a simple little poem this morning, that I think incorporates our moods as we think of the healing power of the out-of-doors, and the beauty of nature, and the loveliness of growing things. Hanging upon my study wall in our little study at our island home is this little poem. I think perhaps you have all read it, but it fits so beautifully into our thought of the morning. It is by Elizabeth Barrett Browning:

"OUT IN THE FIELDS WITH GOD"

The little cares that fretted me
I lost them yesterday,
Among the fields above the sea,
Among the winds at play,
Among the lowing of the herds,
The rustling of the trees,
Among the singing of the birds,
The humming of the bees.

The foolish fears of what might happen,
I cast them all away
Among the clover-scented grass,
Among the new-mown hay,
Among the husking of the corn,
Where drowsy poppies nod
Where ill thoughts die and good are born—
Out in the fields with God.

MEDITATION

Dear Friend of Our Hearts, Companion of Our Lives: the One Whose Presence is Altogether Lovely and Whose Memory is Beautiful:

We are grateful for the beauty of this world; grateful for every lovely living thing in it.

Grateful for stars and moonlight; grateful for the tides and the sea.

Grateful for the waving, billowy beauty of fields of growing grain which bedeck with splendor our country.

Grateful for the rugged beauty of mountain peaks that sing their message of the certainty of God to all who behold their beauty.

Grateful for lovely rivers that with the music of their onward rush to reach the sea bring melodies to our hearts.

Grateful for all the manifestation of new birth that dots the acreage of our beloved land.

For the frolicking of little lambs that gambol and enjoy the first beauties of life.

Grateful for the devotion and the comradeship of the animals of the earth.

Grateful for all this beauty.

For every leaf that unfolds the eternal principle of growth.

For every seed that out of its prison of dark and cold, is warmed into life by the sunlight and lifted into life by the rain.

For all this, on this our Outdoor Sunday we are grateful; when so many millions are able to enjoy the sunlight and the beauty of it all; the little children in the park; the people at their games: the people in their unblemished activities of following the joy of outdoor things.

Now, Dear Creator of it All: Help us to dedicate ourselves, that we shall bring no mar and no scar upon its beauty.

Help us to be as kind to nature as nature is kind to us in its unfoldment in the springtime.

Help us to respect and revere things which grow and live.

Help us to be kind to all life everywhere.

And the inspiration for all this we receive from the one who loved the out-of-doors; who talked and lived with and loved humanity, in a barren little country where there was not the stupendous panorama of nature which we have. But there he lived, and there he worked, and there he wrought.

And the most beautiful and effective truths which came from his lips he gave in the out-of-doors.

And the most beautiful lessons which he left for us were lessons he drew from the out-of-doors.

So, deepen our appreciation; forbid that the continuing activities of men, the pressure, the noise, the confusion, the speed, the tempo, might so deaden our hearts that our appreciation of the quiet and the still and the beautiful things be not felt. Make us sensitive; bring us an alertness.

May the world never crowd out of our hearts—and all the world is and holds—may it never destroy the quiet of gentle places, with gentle hearts and gentle people.

This we pray in the spirit of love and in memory of the Master.

"OUTDOOR HEALING"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

EVER since the beginning of my pastorate in The Peoples Church of Chicago, we have always set aside one Sunday morning during our church year in which we try to evaluate anew and with freshness and crispness, the beauty of nature; the outdoors which most of us love. From year to year I have used as the background in our Sunday morning observance of this character the necessity for conserving the great resources of our nation. I have used it as an opportunity to talk about the necessity of conserving lumber, timber, and about the tragedy which has resulted to our nation, necessitating flood control, and of the many results which arose from the denuding of our nation of its timber, without any scientific planning for restoration until comparatively recent years. I have talked about the necessity of doing something about the grazing lands which were turned into agricultural lands under the pressure of war and for increased revenue from land production with the resultant tragedy that we all know. And I have talked about the loss incurred to coal and oil and the great natural resources of our nation.

I have devoted a part of my life, as an extra curricular activity, to the cause of conservation for many, many years, and usually this Outdoor Sunday was held at the time of the convention of the Izaak Walton League of America, of which I was one of the founders and its National President for three years. But this year the national convention was held in Des Moines, Iowa, and next year it will be held in Cincinnati, Ohio, so there isn't that natural tie-up between this Outdoor Sunday and the Izaak Walton League, which has done such magnificent service in behalf of conservation and in the preservation and restoration of the rapidly disappearing great out-of-doors of America.

But this morning, against our background of appreciation for the living, growing things, I am led into an entirely different approach. I want to think about the out-of-doors for a little while with you in its great spiritual influences upon the human personality, and upon our individual souls. For I have never met a person in my life, man or woman, not a single person, who was uncontaminated with the fever of our modern civilization, its false, superficial appearance, and not a part of the artificiality that surrounds us so much, and devoid of all those attributes and alienated from those vicious and disintegrating influences in life—who loved the clean, pure things of nature, but what that person was basically and fundamentally a spiritual person. He might not have had the intellectual equipment that could be acquired by long academic training and disciplining; he might not have had any of the great virtues of the world; he might be very simple and humble, of very lowly origin. You may find them in a little prairie village; in a little cabin in the North Woods. You may find them living a hermit-like existence on the shore of some little lake, caring not too much about the thrilling confusion of this artificial civilization we are in, but living out where things are clean and pure and beautiful and where they can wash their souls, not in the glamor of a city's confusion, but in the purity of mellow moonlight, as the poet once sang—"You can wash your soul clean in the moonlight"—and it's true.

That's why I feel it is so important and so beautiful for fathers and mothers to give children, as early as possible, as long as possible, the opportunity to get acquainted with little rivers and with trees and with the little denizens of the woods, the little animals that live there, and the birds that fly through the sky. What an antidote to the city!

When I see little children all decked out with some sort of military uniform, or when I see them wearing some of the costumes that parents seem to favor now for little children, with great guns hanging at their sides, and pointing them at you as you walk along the street, it does something unpleasant to me. As I walked into my house the other night, a little shaver, so little I could have picked him up in one hand (and I sometimes think I should have picked him up and given him just a little paddling, too), looked up at me and pointed two great revolvers at me and said, "Mister, it's a stick-up." I know those revolvers were frauds, but to that little child mind they were not false—they were not frauds—they were not make-believes—they were honest guns to his little world.

Think of parents giving their youngsters that kind of environment, and then think what it means for the father or the mother to spend not more than the amount involved in all this costuming and all this mimicry and go fishing with them—take them out somewhere to a little lake in a boat or wade with them in a little stream; or make a bed of balsam boughs under a tall pine tree and sleep beside them at night, listening to the orchestra of God in the watches of the night. You will do something for your child if you will do that. You may regret what you are doing now some day. Do not tell me that the child only learns virility and masculinity by knowing how to carry guns. Do not be as false to yourself as that.

Nature is the greatest teacher of strength and virility your child can ever have. Nature is no respecter of persons. She doesn't care whether you are rich or poor; she doesn't care whether you can read or write. She has no interest in your social status; no interest in your financial condition.

I can take my canoe, or my little boat, as I have done a hundred times, beating my way across eight miles of open water to our island home and the same bay that I have loved and that has been a part of my life for thirty-five years and which I have seen as placid and calm and beautiful as a quiet mirror; yet that water that I love would drown me just as quickly as it would caress me. Do not get the idea that nature is soft. Nature is hard and cruel and relentless, too. And there comes a time when you must pit your skill and your knowledge against nature. That makes for strength, too, and for character.

On this beautiful morning when many people have the opportunity to be out of doors and to enjoy nature, I am thinking about the poets. Where would we be in our appreciation, interpretation and understanding of nature without the poets? There would be no poets without nature—none. If you were to take out of literature, any literature, beginning with the ancient Greeks and coming right down to the moderns of today, if you were to lift out of literature those creative hearts who were inspired by nature, you would have little left in literature, little left. From Homer to Shapespeare and from Shakespeare to Carl Sandburg, you would denude the literature of civilization if you lifted out of it the contributions of the poets who were inspired by nature. There would be so little left that it would fail to impress posterity.

I am thinking of a poet this morning,

probably by all standards the finest poet to be found in human history or in the recorded cultural remnants of known civilization. He wrote the greatest poem of nature in any literature; more beloved than any I know. Oh, you have heard it; and there isn't one here in the church and there isn't one person listening who couldn't recite it with me; and because you have heard it so often, the beauty of it, the fidelity of it, the greatness of it you may have been lost. That's the tragedy of repetition. That's the challenge in all ritual. We become so accustomed to the words and the phrases that their beauty is lost.

The poet was the sweet singer David, whose life was a twisted turmoil, and a hodgepodge of moral confusion, but who, because of the quality of his soul, the creative genius of his spirit, took all the things that happened to him, everything in his life, and blended them into a poet's song—the loveliest I know.

Think of all the countless heads that have had this poem under their pillow at night, to rest upon its strength; the countless lips that have phrased its sentences when trouble struck and things went to pieces in the life. Oh, the countless hearts, melting with remorse that have said the words of this poem to sustain and strengthen them, and they found healing—the healing power of nature. Oh, the lives that walk down into the valley with the words of this poem on their lips and its music in their hearts; countless millions of the world who have faced everything with renewed strength and vigor when the healing strength of the poem struck their souls.

I think you have guessed it:

"The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.
He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me: thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.
Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

HEALING IN NATURE

What is that 23rd Psalm? It is about a shepherd—a shepherd; and in the Orient shepherds do not drive their sheep. Not like American shepherds or continental shepherds. In the old days of the poet David, shepherds always led their sheep and the sheep knew their voice and followed them, and the beauty of this 23rd Psalm to me is, "The Lord is my shepherd . . . He leadeth me." He does not drive me. He leadeth me, and therefore there can be no permanent harm to you if you follow the shepherd, for He will never lead you into danger or harm, never.

Follow the shepherd into the garden, by the still waters, in the green pastures, and though the storm may come, as it does come to the shepherd and his flock, and the winds may howl and the lightning flash and the thunders reverberate until the earth trembles, the shepherd never leaves the sheep. He never runs back to the sheepfold—never once. He stays with the sheep. He doesn't guarantee you calm, but he gives you calm in the midst of the storm.

That's what the shepherd does, and you know His voice. And so, after the day with the sheep on the mountain side, what happens? The shepherd lead-

eth his flock home. Always home at eventide with the shepherd; and on the way home, as the shadows deepen and the night brings its stately presence and hangs down her sable curtain and pins it with a star—What's that? It's anguish in the heart of the shepherd. He looks at the sheep. They are all back in the sheepfold but one; and so, with His love and His care, He puts the sheep safely away and goes back into the night to find the one lost sheep; that's the shepherd—the one that didn't follow His voice; the one that left the beauty of His presence; the one that slipped away. But the shepherd missed him and the shepherd's heart was broken. He must fold to His bosom again the one that was lost. And He never comes back to the sheepfold until He carries in His arms the lost sheep.

"The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want." So, at eventide, it is home, home again. At the end of every trail in the forest, every trail in the prairie, every trackless way across the sea, at the end there is always a home. And what a beautiful thing it is, that after all that life can do to us and after all the storm and tempest we can go home where a world of love is shut in and a world of strife is shut out. And the most beautiful word for heaven that has ever been used, is when we think of heaven in the highest term of endearment on earth—as home. Home again at eventide with the shepherd at the door saying, "My peace I leave with you; rest well." The sheep are all in the sheepfold. The night deepens. But soon

"Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops."

The healing power of nature!

* * *

BENEDICTION

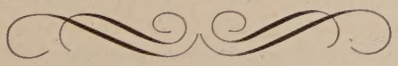
"A Prayer Learnt From Flowers and Stars"

Lord God of our life, we would fain have our devotion to thee as effortless as the lift of a sea wave and as passionate as the flight of stars.

If we were our best selves it would be so, always so. We long for that sublime naturalness in our faith and love to God. We are shamed when it is otherwise. Shall a dove make difficult with its wings or decry them or forget them? And art not thou more to us in sweetness, wholeness, necessity than all besides? Our wings need not weary, being of thee and bearing us toward thee.

Hold us, O Mightiest Help, that we take thee as the lily the wave on which it blooms. We must gather white and gold from thee as the lily from the sun, and because it effortlessly does this, it flowers out a wonder and a joy.

Direct our flowering out of life that it be as effortless as the falling of the dark and as fragrant as the incense at the altar of God. Amen.



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday School—Mr. Robert Crosswhite, Superintendent..... 9:30 a.m.

Sunday Morning Service—Broadcast by WJJD.....11:00 a.m.

(Church and Sunday School close for the summer with the second Sunday in June and services are resumed Sunday morning, September 17th. During the summer there will be a regular Sunday morning Broadcast of a Sermonette by Dr. Bradley at 11 o'clock over Radio Station WJJD (by electrical transcription)

Sunday Evening Service—(From November to Easter)..... 7:30 p.m.

Wednesday Evening Book Lectures by Dr. Bradley..... 8:00 p.m.

(From November to Easter)

Woman's Club—Re-opens in September. For information write or phone Miss Cornelia S. Hartshorn, Corr. Sec., 2127 W. 107th St. (43), BEverly 8-7038.

Professional and Business Woman's Club re-opens in October. For information write or phone Roxanna Martens, 1340 Bryn Mawr Ave. (40), RAvenswood 8-4212

Men's Club re-opens in October. For information write or phone Harold Hansen, Sec., 2218 Carmen Ave. (25), EDgewater 4-5998

The Uptown Players—Studios, 869 N. Dearborn, MIchigan 2-3105

Opening Fall Season with Auditions on Sunday afternoon, September 17th

Drama Teas, first Sunday, Anderson Hall.....4:00 p.m.

Plays, three performances each month at

Eleventh Street Theatre, 62 E. 11th St.

Evenings—8:30 Sunday Matinee, 3:00 p.m.

Channing Club (young people of High School age)

1st and 3rd Fridays of each month, Bradley Hall..... 8:00 p.m.

Choir Rehearsals—Every Friday night in Church Auditorium..... 8:00 p.m.

Usher's Club—1st Tuesday of each month in Anderson Hall..... 8:00 p.m.

Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday night, Anderson Hall.... 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 301, every Thursday afternoon.. 3:30 p.m.

Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Monday afternoon..... 3:30 p.m.

Senior Scout Troop No. 224, every Thursday night, Bradley Hall.. 7:30 p.m.

Boy Scouts—Cub Pack No. 3864 4th Friday each month, Anderson Hall ..... 7:30 p.m.

DR. BRADLEY'S RADIO SCHEDULE

WJJD—Every Sunday at 11 a.m.

Mrs. Bradley and James on the patio at her Arden Lodge home, Lake Vermilion, Tower, Minnesota.

GRACE THAYER BRADLEY

A Biographical Sketch

GRACE THAYER BRADLEY was born in Chicago and with the exception of summers, spent her entire life in Chicago.

Her father, William Thayer, was born in Conway, Massachusetts, and was a friend of Marshall Field, who was born in the same village. Coming to Chicago, Mr. Thayer became associated with Marshall Field and was a foreign buyer for the Marshall Field Company at the time of his death many years ago.

Her mother was Myrtle Wilkins, of an old Chicago family. Mrs. Bradley lost her father when she was comparatively young, and some years later her mother died suddenly. The family all lived together in an old home on Aldine Square.

Mrs. Bradley nursed her grandmother and her aunt through long illnesses, and with their passing she became the head of the house, caring for four uncles, one of whom was Dr. David Wilkins, a Chicago physician; another, Mr. Charles W. Wilkins, who for many years was associated with H. O. Howard & Company; Mr. William Wilkins, who was with the Drexel State Bank, and Mr. Edward Wilkins, who later moved to Kansas City, where he passed on.

All of these uncles, who were unusually dear to her, died, leaving only three cousins, Mr. George Arms, Miss

Virginia Arms and Mr. David Wilkins as her surviving blood relatives.

In 1912 she met Dr. Bradley for the first time. They were introduced by Miss Frances Norton, the daughter of Colonel Norton, one of the editors of the old Chicago Record Herald.

She became interested immediately in the church work, in which Dr. Bradley was engaged, and was a charter-founder-member of the Woman's Club of the church, and its first Corresponding Secretary. She was later made Honorary President of the Woman's Club and served in that capacity until her death.

On November 25, 1915 she was united in marriage with Dr. Bradley by Dr. R. A. White, in a simple home wedding in their own little apartment on Clarendon Avenue, which they had furnished and where they established their home. Dr. Bradley is the only surviving member of the wedding party.

Mrs. Bradley was educated at a girls' private school and had private tutors in languages and music.

For many years she was a sufferer with bronchial asthma, complicated with a sinus infection.

The first year after her marriage Dr. and Mrs. Bradley established a summer home on Lake Vermilion, at Tower, Minnesota, and every summer was spent at Lake Vermilion, with the exceptions of the two summers when she accompanied Dr. Bradley to Europe.

With the founding of The Liberalist in April, 1924, she took over the department of the Radio Mail Bag and every month read hundreds of letters from the radio friends, making a selection of the letters of more general interest for her column. She took a great deal of pride and interest in her literary work and wrote many stories and poems of exceptional literary merit.

She entered Ravenswood Hospital on March 16, 1950, for what was hoped would be the short duration of checking on her condition. She responded favorably to the treatments there and felt at one time she would be able to return home and later go to her beloved island. However, a relapse took place, she grew increasingly worse and spent the last three weeks of her life in an oxygen tent.

She passed away in her sleep, quietly and peacefully on Saturday evening, May 27, at 8:30. She rested at Lain's North Side Funeral Chapel until Wednesday, when her funeral service was held in The Peoples Church at 1:00 p.m.

She was taken to Dr. Bradley's old home and to their cemetery lot at Fairview Cemetery in Linden, Michigan, where a brief service was held on Thursday morning at 10:00 o'clock, on June 1st. She rests in the little village cemetery in a spot which she herself had chosen and where she wanted to be.

Preston Bradley

Funeral Service

for Mrs. Grace Thayer Bradley

held at The Peoples Church of Chicago May 31st, 1950, at 1:00 p.m.

GRACE THAYER BRADLEY passed on Saturday evening, May 27, 1950, at 8:30. The body rested in State at Lain's Funeral Parlors, 5501 N. Ashland Avenue, until Wednesday morning, May 31st. Over 700 people had come to pay their respects to the gracious little lady who walked with Dr. Bradley through the years as he built the material and spiritual edifice known as The Peoples Church of Chicago.

On Wednesday, at 1:00 o'clock, the church was filled with friends and members of the church and of Dr. and Mrs. Bradley. Nearly 1700 people were present at the service.

The pulpit was banked with beautiful flowers and a blanket of red roses rested on the foot of the gray casket. As Mr. LeRoy Wetzel, the organist, played, the black-robed choir filed silently in and took their places in the choir loft. The ten honorary pall bearers took their places, the family came in and were seated and Mayor Martin H. Kennelly and other distinguished representatives of the civic, religious and educational life of Chicago were seen to gravely take their places in the audience.

Friends and acquaintances paid a last farewell tribute to the little lady they had known for so long, known to many as "Lady Gracious." The casket was closed, and the blanket of roses was placed upon it.

Officiating: Rev. Morriston J. Thomas, D.D.; D.Litt., Pastor of the First Congregational Church of Ravenswood

Assisted by: Rev. Leslie T. Pennington, L.H.D., Pastor of First Unitarian Church of Chicago

Rev. Benjamin M. Will, Pastor of Granville Avenue Methodist Church, more popularly known as "The Country Church of the City"

Rev. John R. Heyworth, Pastor of Unity Church of Chicago

Organ Prelude, LeRoy Wetzel, Organist and Director of the Peoples Church Choir

Anthem: "Rock Of Ages," The Choir and the Peoples Church Quartet

Invocation: Rev. Leslie T. Pennington:

"The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament sheweth His handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge. There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard.

"I am the resurrection and the life, sayeth the Lord: He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die.

"Let us pray:

"O Thou who saidst 'Let there be light,' and there was light; who made the morning stars to sing together for joy at the dawn of creation; who formed man from the dust of the earth, breathing into his nostrils the breath of life that he should become a living soul, we thank Thee that Thou who art the Master of darkness and light,

of life and death, art the guardian of the deepest treasures of our souls and the dearest companion of our hearts; of faith which sustains our spirits through all the vicissitudes of the world; of memories which lie too deep for words, which rise to bless us upon our way, and of august anticipations; of love which dare to commit itself amidst transitory experience to the great deep of Thine Eternal Being; and of all dear human things in which our hearts find rest.

"We remember in gratitude and joy the life which Thou didst fashion and which Thou receivest now into Thyself. Our hearts recall the treasured memories of those years—of dreamed dreams and seen visions, of clear and honest thought, of true work truly done, of cheerful courage and patient waiting, of that gallant and gracious spirit which gave itself so generously to the fulfillment of life in all Thy children, of companionship which has been blest in simpleness and gentleness and honor and clean mirth. Help us to remember that all the past read true is prophecy, that all the firsts are hauntings of one last, that all the springs are flashlights of one spring.

"Teach us anew, we pray Thee, in this hour, what manner of spirit we are of. We would lift our eyes to Thy everlasting hills of light; we would drink again from the everlasting spring of Thy life and peace. The faith, the beauty and the love wrought through the years is ever secure in the haven of Thy spirit for those who enter there. It will sustain us in the hour of our trial and minister its peace in the long night of our waiting.

"O Lord, we thank Thee for the beauty of life and for the peace of death, and for the life of Thy spirit which rises thru all created things to find its everlasting home in Thee.

Amen."

Dr. Thomas: "The Scripture for the hour will be given by the Reverend John R. Heyworth of Unity Church."

Rev. Heyworth:

"The things which are seen are transient; the things which are unseen are eternal. For we know that if the earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

"The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul. He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. Yea, tho I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I shall fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life, and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

"Let not your heart be troubled. You believe in God, believe also in me. In my father's house are many mansions. Peace I leave with you. My peace I give unto you. Not as the world giveth give I to you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

Dr. Thomas: "Dr. Will of 'The Country Church of the City' will read one of Mrs. Bradley's favorite poems."

Dr. Will:

"My dear friends. As I join with you today in this beautiful symphony of friendship and appreciation, I think of a very lovely poem that has been very dear to the hearts of Doctor and Mrs. Bradley for many years. It is fitting that I bring this beautiful tribute in the springtime of the year. I realize this church has been a monument to the great ministry of Doctor and Mrs. Bradley through the years, and will

continue to be an enduring monument for years to come.

"The glory of the lovely interlude of the years that you have spent together will always live as an imperishable possession in our hearts. You have been comrades through these years in the joys and sorrows of life. You have shared life's sunshine and clouds, its victories and its defeats. But somehow, while you have brought great comfort and courage to thousands of people, it is different when sorrow knocks at your own door, and death invades the fireside of your own home. But I am confident that the faith that you have kept will now keep you. We may join the poet in his great hope of immortality—

" 'There is enough of God in the heart
of a rose,
In the smile of a child,
And in the dewy blossom of dawn
To prove that beauty is the soul of
Him;
That love is His scepter,
And that all things that have been
created by Him
Face not the night but an eternal morning.'

"I am also confident that we can all put our hands into the hand of a dependable God, and find in that clasp something better than a light, and something supremely safer than a known way.

"And now I give you the poem 'Let It Be Spring,' by Francesca Falk Miller, which Mrs. Bradley loved:

" 'Let it be Spring on my last day;
A Spring of tender green,
Of sunshine filled with promises of
life,
Not death.

" 'Let the lilacs spill their purple
blooms
Beside the garden wall,
So that I may forget
How dead leaves fall.

" 'Let Nature lend her gayest mood
To speed me on my way;
So many tears I've known—
Let me remember naught but smiles,
On my last day.

" 'May there be young birds whispering
Above me in the trees,
A sudden rush of warm soft rain
On thirsty leaves;

" 'A rainbow and a cricket's chirp;
An awkward lamb at play—
O God of living things,
Let it be Spring on my last day.'

"And, Grace Bradley, it is Spring today as we say 'Farewell' to you. You have already entered the everlasting alps of God's upper provinces of creation. We would keep up the courage of our hearts; we would refresh ourselves with beautiful memories of love; we would travel forward with less weary step, knowing that some day we shall meet again, your love and friendship shall await us there."

Anthem: "Open Our Eyes" by Macfarlane — The Choir and Peoples Church Quartet.

Dr. Morriston J. Thomas: "Shall we bow our heads a moment?

"We seem to give Grace Bradley back to Thee, dear God, who gavest her to us, and as Thou didst not lose her in giving, so we cannot lose her by her return to Thee. Not as the world giveth givest Thou, O God, but what Thou givest Thou takest not away. We are Thine always, and Thou art always ours. Life is eternal, and love is immortal, and death, death is but an horizon, and an horizon is nothing but the limit of our sight. Lift us up, Thou strong Son of God, that we may see farther; cleanse our eyes that we may see more clearly. Draw nigh to us, O Lover of Souls, that we may

know ourselves nearer to our beloved who is with Thee. As Thou dost prepare a place for us, prepare us, we beseech Thee, for that place, that where Thou art, and where she is, we shall be inseparable forever. Amen.

" 'A late lark twitters from the quiet skies;
And from the west,
Where the sun, his day's work ended,
Lingers, as in content,
There falls on the old gray city
An influence, luminous and serene—
A shining peace.

" 'The smoke ascends
In a rosy and golden haze. The spires
shine and are changed. In the valley
Shadows arise. The lark sings on. The sun
Closing his benediction,
Sinks, and the darkening air
Thrills with the sense of the triumphing night,
With her train of stars,
And her great gift of sleep.

" 'So be my passing!
My task accomplished, and the long day done;
My wages taken, and in my heart
Some late lark—singing.

" 'Let me be gathered to the quiet west,
The sundown splendid and serene.'

"I want to give you a poem—I don't know who the author is. I don't believe you are apt to forget it when I give it to you. Thomas Carlyle, after he lost Jane, used to walk in Cheym Row in Chelsea across the river from London, and they would hear him repeat this little poem. When I tell you that Thomas Carlyle repeated his favorite poem at the end of his life, you will understand that it is no ordinary poem:

" 'It is an old belief that on some solemn shore
Beyond the sphere of grief,
Good friends shall meet once more
Beyond the sphere of time
And sin and fate's control
Secure in changeless prime
Of body and of soul.
That faith I fain would keep,
This hope I'll not forego,
Eternal be the sleep
If not to waken so.'

"I am constrained to read to you a little poem from a clipping given to my daughter during her high school days by Grace Bradley. I am reading it because it shows the influence Grace had upon the young people. I did not know anything about this until yesterday when my daughter read it to me while I was driving my car. Think of keeping a clipping for twenty-five years just because Grace gave it to her and wanted her to know it and love it. It is by John Burroughs:

" '*My Own Shall Come to Me*

" 'Serene I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For Lo! my own shall come to me.

" 'I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid th' eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

" 'Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Or change the tide of destiny.'

"The Master, I remember, paid his greatest compliment to a woman. I love to think of those fascinating words: 'She hath done me good.' It was an extravaganza of love and is the highest thing anyone ever did for our Lord, and while some did not under-

stand, he put it in those five words in our language: 'She hath done me good.' Now I profess to you that this woman, Grace Bradley, 'hath done me good' and I am certain that I speak for all of you who knew her when I say that. She was a good woman and a good woman cannot help doing good, and that point of greatness Grace Bradley had achieved long ago. She was, as you know, a patrician, born a lady to her finger tips, and possessed withal of a modesty, a tenderness and an understanding which she made so real to all of us.

"I think I remember her mostly as she sat at eventide on that wide porch on Black Duck Island watching the sunset and the sunlight like a priest casting his scarlet robes upon the immensity of the lake, and there, in his effulgence, holding a vesper service to the magnificence of God. No one on the lake appreciated a sunset more than Grace Bradley. I can see her looking through the lattices of the leaves far out on the lake, then watching the birds in the trees going to their nests, and their nests were nearer to her there than at any other place I ever knew: she was a friend of birds.

"But mostly I will remember her when she took me out and showed me her garden. She had a beautiful garden and in it there bloomed all sorts and colors of flowers and she was justly proud of them. You know, the garden of this woman's soul was something to admire. There were some qualities developed to fruit and flower by a disciplined spirit of faith, qualities of beauty and of fragrance. I don't think anybody loved that lake any more than she did. I have a quaint notion that the angels, in taking her out of Ravenswood Hospital the other day, took her past that spiritual home of hers on Lake Vermillion. In fact, I used to call her 'The Lady of the Lake.' It was through the Bradleys, of course, that we found Lake Vermillion, and it was in that environment that we have had occasion and time to cultivate one another. Not in this city where Doctor Bradley and I have ministered for thirty-seven years in our respective churches, for we have no time for each other here. Over there, we had.

"My first call every season at Black Duck Island was upon Grace Bradley, and at a time when I knew that Preston was away. Her husband, by virtue of his mercurial personality and varied interests, attracted many people to his summer home. That was the reason I wanted Grace to realize that my initial call was upon her. And perhaps this is a good opportunity to say that the one perfect quality she possessed was her constant and all-absorbing devotion to her husband. Almost might it be said that by the nature of her affections her own life was practically limited by his interests and activities. It is true, however, that even so, it was a fruitful and impressive life.

"She had within this prescription, her own life to live, essentially an artist's life, as many of her charming and impressive paintings demonstrate. Her artistic talent, with its attendant imagination, enabled her through the years to write many things of merit in both poetry and prose. Her contributions to 'The Liberalist' through the years of its existence have been of outstanding interest and value. Her love of the beautiful was evidenced both within and without the home; more especially did the plan and arrangement of her flower garden express her lovely care and contribute to her pride and joy. She encouraged everything and everyone around to grow in beauty and grace. She was 'A very gentle lady.'

"I want to give you just one sentence from an old Roman Catholic priest. It is, I believe, the concentrated essence

of all good religion, and particularly of our own; the quintessence of the Gospel. 'We live; we outlive; we live again.' There you are. It is ours to realize that man has a body, but that he is not a body; he is a living soul. It is ours to realize that it is not all of life to live, nor all of death to die, but there is other life with God.

"And now we remember how Grace justified the name they gave her. She was gracious; she was full of grace. She loved the beautiful, and she was suffused with goodness. You must still think of her as having transcended this body. What a beautiful body it was and how nobly the dignity of death sat upon her—the kind of a body she had.

"Now, I don't know, but it must be like this in some respects, but she will never pass away. She may die even in your memory and recollections, but she will never die to God, and she will never die to those who really loved her.

" 'She walks in beauty like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies,
And all that's best of dark and bright
Shone in her aspect and her eyes.'

"Finally, this verse will express your present emotions: and your hope. Mr. Wordsworth once said: 'Will you please repeat that little stanza to me again? I do not envy anybody his creation, but I do say I wish I had written that stanza.' It was a woman by the name of Mrs. Barbauld who composed it:

" 'Life we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear,
Perchance 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time,
Say not "Good night" but in some sweeter clime,
Bid me "Good morning".'

"Let us unite in prayer:

"O God, from whom we come, to whom we go, thou art the Alpha and the Omega of our life. It is in Thee we live and move and have our being. Thou art as native to us as air to the birds and the sea to the fish. We live in Thee, and we live on Thee. We thank Thee that Thou hast opened the chancel of our soul to Thy love and to Thy care. We thank Thee that experience has taught us the truth of so many things that older men knew and budding minds discounted, but we do know now that 'We live; we outlive; and we live again.'

"O Lord, we commend to Thy Fatherly Goodness this wonderful, dear family. Grant unto Thy servant something. like an apocalypse wherein he shall see as he is seen today from another dimension of life. Grant unto him who has medicated to so many sick souls that such medication shall not fail him now. Grant unto him, O Lord, that memories shall glisten and brighten the future, and not blight it. Stir his spirit and lift up his heart, and give him to know that the things which have reposed in his soul so long are the truest things in life. We begin in Thee, end in Thee, and if we have had visions, and have experienced joy and happiness in this world, surely we shall go on in Thy great and gracious providence to other and better worlds hidden from us by the vast horizon; but deep in our souls we are sure that to live with God is to live forever. On behalf of all who loved Grace Bradley we thank Thee now for her beautiful life, and for all she meant in this large company of appreciative souls."

"Now unto the one God eternal,
And to His son, our Lord,
Be honor and glory,
Dominion and power—forever.
And the grace of our Lord be with you always. Amen."

The Liberalist

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EDITORIAL

A Tribute to Grace Thayer Bradley My Wife

by Preston Bradley

ON Thanksgiving Day, this year, Mrs. Bradley and I would have walked thirty-five years on the highway of life together. We were planning a happy and a joyful anniversary. The reception given us on our twenty-fifth anniversary by The Peoples Church, our friends and radio listeners was one of the most precious memories of our lives and we had hoped on our thirty-fifth to build another memory for the years ahead.

I shall never forget the first time I ever saw her. It is as vivid to me now as it was nearly forty years ago. A mutual friend and neighbor of hers on Aldine Square invited me to meet Grace Thayer Wilkins in her home.

It was an old-fashioned three-story house, such as bordered Aldine Square in those days; a house whose walls were sacred with the memories of a large family. It was a home in the highest and truest sense and at the time I met her she was the woman of the house. She was maintaining a home for four uncles and doing it with all the graciousness and charm which always characterized her home life.

We entered the home that evening and as we stepped into the hall, I looked up the long stairway that led to the second floor and there she stood. As she walked down the stairs to greet us and our friend presented us, I thought she was one of the loveliest and most refined young ladies I had ever met, and she was!

It was a warm evening and I remember later on, when we were served a light repast she said, "I learned from Frances you like buttermilk," and she brought out a pitcher of cold buttermilk. Strange how these little things come back to one, etched as they have been in memory and forgotten until

memory recreates the yesterdays of life.

The next Sunday she was in our small congregation at The Peoples Church, for we were a small church in those long-ago years. There weren't very many people those Sundays, but she was always there. She met the women who were interested in the church and its future and, with Mrs. George Lomax, who has long since gone, and Mrs. G. U. Gairing, who still is with us and was at Mrs. Bradley's funeral, they organized the Women's Club of The Peoples Church. She was elected the Corresponding Secretary, and apart from her home, the Woman's Club was the most important thing in her life.

The fine qualities and attributes of her character are plainly revealed in the two names which I always used when speaking to her. In writing to her, when I would be away on lecture trips, I always called her "Lady Gracious," and from the very beginning of our home I never called her anything but "Mother."

If I possessed the descriptive power of a Shakespeare or the poetic gift of a Wordsworth I could never portray adequately the character and the soul of "Mother." For nearly 35 years she was married to one who belonged to the public, whose home life was constantly broken by the necessities of his work, who constantly faced a barrage of demands and challenges; and I can now say without one reservation, my life never could have been what it has been without her.

We have seen sunshine and shadow; we have known anxiety, disappointment and heartaches; and through it all she stood by my side, imparting strength, courage and inspiration. I have failed her perhaps a thousand times, but never once did she fail me. Her appraisal of people; her unusual faculty of intuition and her unbounded faith constituted my strength and my fortress.

"Mother" had no social ambitions whatever. She had no time and there was no place in her life for spending her energies with trivial or inconsequential things. Her home and her church were her all.

She was a creative personality. Early in life she painted one or two beautiful things and later on continued her painting until she has left as a priceless heritage several paintings of the out-of-doors which she loved, and which hang in our home.

As a writer she far excelled many who have become distinguished in literary work. Her letters to me, wherever I might happen to be, are classics of letter writing. Her stories and articles and poems which she has published in The Liberalist have attracted much attention. I plan to make a selection of them and publish them as a memorial volume. They are worthy of permanency.

In the very last year of her life she was honored by being made an honorary member of the National Society of Arts and Letters. When the notification of this honor arrived at her hospital room it pleased her greatly.

Her literary and artistic ability were all impregnated with an attribute of character which sometimes is lacking in lesser people. She was a true aristocrat. Excellency in every area of life was as natural to her as mediocrity and cheapness is to many people. She stayed persistently in the presence of the best. Her conversation, her dress, her manners, her life, all revealed the nobility of her soul. In all these years I have never had anything but cooperation, understanding, inspiration and love.

She loved every beautiful thing in art, in the theatre, and in the church,

while many of us will never forget the memorable performance which she gave with our own Uptown Players of a part in the play "Old Lady Thirty-One." She might have had a career in the theatre. But none of these things meant more to her than maintaining a home for those she loved.

Denied motherhood herself, early in our marriage she became the Little Mother to others who grew to love her as their very own.

One of the last things she was able to do in the hospital was to plan her garden for this summer at Arden. Jimmie, whom she had mothered and loved for many years, came to her room, sat down beside her on the bed and she drew a plan of her garden and where she wanted various flower seeds to be planted. She will never see that garden in life, but the garden is being planted just as she planned it. Her beloved delphiniums and asters and marigolds and pansies (for she loved old-fashioned flowers) will all bloom in her honor and each one will carry a message of love across the invisible boundary to her.

And now we must pick up the threads of life and go back to the loom and weave out the remaining fabric of the years without her; but the pattern will be more lovely and the colors will be more beautiful because of her. I tremble to think what my life and work might have been had she never been a part of them.

I close this imperfect and inadequate tribute with a little verse of her own selection, contained in one of our favorite anthologies of poetry. She had written the word "Lovely" in pencil beside it:

The Calm of Silent Things
Alice Sprague

Let the sweet influence
Of all growing things penetrate my being

Mrs. Bradley in front of the fireplace at Arden.

And heal the wounds about my soul;
Let me lie close to their hearts
And hide my weary head beneath their tender shade;
Let the sweet movement of their waving stems
Soothe my tired nerves.
And let the dear field hold me within itself;
Let me hear its many thoughts,
That my understanding may be quickened,
For I would learn the peace and calm
Of all these silent things.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY

(Mrs. Bradley was ever modest and retiring. She lived to serve Dr. Bradley in his work. It seemed very fitting, therefore, that in this, her last Radio Mail Bag column, we should re-publish a Radio Mail Bag which Mrs. Bradley wrote for the 35th Anniversary Service of the Church in May, 1947. In it she tells of their journey together as it was wrapped around the life and progress of the church. It is her tribute to Dr. Bradley's work and we feel that she would like nothing better than to have it printed here, a part of this Memorial Number to her, for had she her way, we would not be talking about herself, but about Dr. Preston Bradley. And as she closes her article with a "God bless him and give him strength to carry on the work He has given him to do," it is a direct message from Grace Thayer Bradley to the one she loved through the 35 years of their marriage.)

WHEN I look back over the thirty-five years of my husband's ministry in The Peoples Church, my thoughts and emotions fairly whirl in amazement as I recall the milestones with the many things marking his achievements—the steady progression, with never a backward step—always forward.

Nothing that has happened since has ever seemed greater or brought more joy than the first big step made at the close of his first year as a Liberal minister (having his church at Arcola Hall, with the group of friends who came with him from the Church of Providence after resigning his pastorate there) when, with an enlarging congregation, he moved to the Wilson Avenue Theatre, the largest and finest auditorium on the north side at that time. That was in October of 1913. (Incidentally it was during that first year in Arcola Hall, in the spring in fact, that I came into his life, and we were married in 1915.)

How well I remember that first service in the Wilson Avenue Theatre, with a sizable congregation, well known and important north side people among them, a number of whom became members before the month was out and who remained loyal, interested workers for many years—some to the close of their lives—some still with us.

Then early in the winter there was that great Sunday when we were obliged to throw open the balcony, with people crowding into the service. The minister and we members (who were special friends) were delighted beyond expression and thought the heights

had been reached! From that time on every seat was filled and more Sundays than not people stood around the walls and crowded in corners or wherever they could get foot space. That summer of 1914 our pastor took his first trip to Europe; a check to cover his travel expenses was given him by the Woman's Club of the church. He was in Paris when the war broke out in August. His experiences during that period influenced and broadened his thought and work to a great degree. He came home to preach with such fervor and earnestness—more and more people came to listen—he began to be quoted in the press—invited to speak at large and important gatherings. The Peoples Church became an important voice, not alone in religious circles but also in civic and world affairs.

In 1917 Preston Bradley could not enlist in the armed service of his country when we got into the war because the government wanted him to speak at bond drives and patriotic meetings all over the Middle West. He was the means of raising millions of dollars in government bonds. The Wilson Avenue Theatre could no longer house the numbers who crowded every Sunday service. It was necessary for the trustees to find a larger home for The Peoples Church and the Pantheon Theatre on Sheridan Road being built at that time was leased by them for Sunday mornings. This was a very beautiful auditorium and the largest in the city, seating approximately 3,000. The first Sunday in October, 1917, the church held its first service there. (The theatre held its opening only the night before.) This I would say was the second big step in our church history.

The organizations of the church held their meetings in halls in the neighborhood, finally furnishing one for their exclusive use, naming it "Channing Hall." This was the work of the Woman's Club. They invited the other organizations and the Board of Trustees and even the Sunday School to meet there. It gave us a feeling of homeiness — and possession — and I have always believed kindled the fire of enthusiasm in each heart with determination to have a church home of our own.

Time marched on! The years during the Great War and following it were difficult years—fraught with much worry and sorrow. Most of our men were in the armed service, leaving the elderly men and the women to carry on. Even the ushers were women. The church never failed to give help where help was needed, with our pastor a tower of strength, comfort, and inspiration to all. We worked hard, and hoped and dreamed—ever realizing as did our pastor—as he often told us—that dreams do not come true except by work.

From the first service in 1912 Dr. Bradley had held the dream of some day building his own church. Now property was purchased on Lawrence Avenue a few steps from Sheridan Road. This dream was about to be realized, but first came the radio! It was a progressive step indeed for a church to broadcast its Sunday morning services. This we did in 1924. Central Church was the only other Chicago church broadcasting, and now radio history states that The Peoples Church has the longest consecutive broadcast of any church in the United States and the Hooper Poll gives The Peoples Church the highest rating (the largest listening audience) of any Chicago religious or church broadcast on any station at any hour for the Sunday morning service broadcast!

June 14, 1925, the long remembered Sunday dawned, very warm, with brilliant sunshine and cloudless sky. The

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